NINE PIN PUNK
#2
STRIKES Again!
FEATURING
THE LIKES OF:
Herlovebeheadsdaisies
Phonefoot
Closed Casket
The Venus Twins
BC Landrum
Suixidekid
Civilloner
Stevie Robinson
Killjames
Oeste
Given A Chance
Could Be Worse
Bloodskid
Bozos
Omni Entia
The Manson Family Blues | Renzluvly | Hyarajuku | CleanNnasty

Nine Pin Punk is
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Rianna Fisher
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and
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With Photographs from Jack Swan, BYOB & Smerg

The Show at

Hash Vegan Eats

November 11, 2022

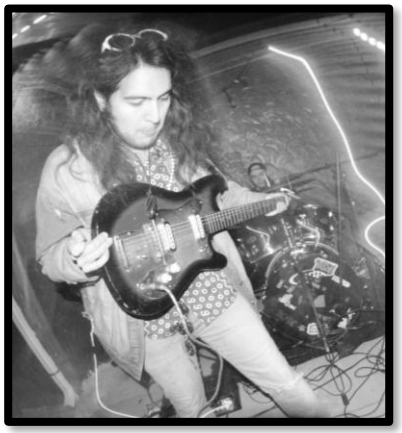
A bitter cold falls over San Antonio the evening of November 11th. I pull my jacket over my chest as the wind strikes me in the parking lot of Hash Vegan Eats. The wind dissipates for just a moment as we waddle up to the table at the entrance, greeted by one of the Venus Twins. Love those guys, I'd met them in Austin maybe a week before, I'd write about that too but it's not very San Antonio Rock and Roll is it? Anyways, it's a 5 dollar entry and I give him a twenty and he gives me back two fives, it was me and a buddy, and we waltz in to see a pretty decent turnout. Already mid-set was **The Manson Family Blues**, playing what I recall was a Nirvana cover, the one that goes "I need an easy friend I'd do with a…something something" it was the one in Guitar Hero 3 (or maybe it was World Tour?). I'm not a big Nirvana guy, sue me.* Anyways they wrap up, and I take it upon myself to mingle a little, and I meet a couple cool characters while **Phonefoot** sets up to play. I dig Phonefoot, if I hadn't made that opinion clear enough, their set is a groove unparalleled, throwing in their new single *RUFUS*. Which was supposed to be new, but I think I've heard it live before. I digress, and the night does as well. Phonefoot unwraps their guitars and heads off. And I take the moment to go inside, lest I freeze to death on this patio.

The interior of Hash Vegan Eats is a welcome contrast. It's warm, both literally and figuratively, it's a very cozy establishment, the feeling probably amplified by the weather. Don't you just love the winter? Sure it's frigid and windy and everybody gets sick and depressed, but I get sick in the spring, and I get depressed in the summer, so in that regard, isn't the winter just swell?

And on the topic of swell, **The Venus Twins** start their show. The Venus Twins rock, unequivocally. The Venus Twins are the blood in the veins of rock and roll, and what a striking presence they have on stage, the audience is right there with them when they perform.

Quick anecdote: while this show wasn't the craziest I've been to, it was just too damn cold, their show in Austin the other week was off the wall. People were kicking and thrashing and tossing each other around and I had a blast and a half. I met the guys after the show and we talked for a little but I guess not long enough for them to remember talking to me. In all fairness I was wearing a Robin costume and I had a mask on last time.

I go back inside and twiddle my thumbs until it's time for **herlovebeheadsdaisies**. Seems everyone had the same idea because the restaurant is crowded now. I wonder if people were ordering food, I didn't get anything, I had a vegan hot dog once at a different joint and it was twice the price of the regular hot dog and half as good so forgive me if I'm a little weary.



Herlove plays a killer set too. I missed a bit in the middle to go to the bathroom but the crowd was definitely the liveliest for their show, bouncing and falling and climbing on each other's shoulders. A sight to be beheld. They wrapped up all the songs they knew but the crowd was insistent on an encore and so after a brief acapella Panic! At the Disco cover, the night came to a close.

The bitter winds find me yet again, and a gruesome gust thrashes me as I walk the 10 yards to my car. Hell! I cry to the stars for warmth, but I'm given no answer. And so I turn the heat on in the car and scurry home.

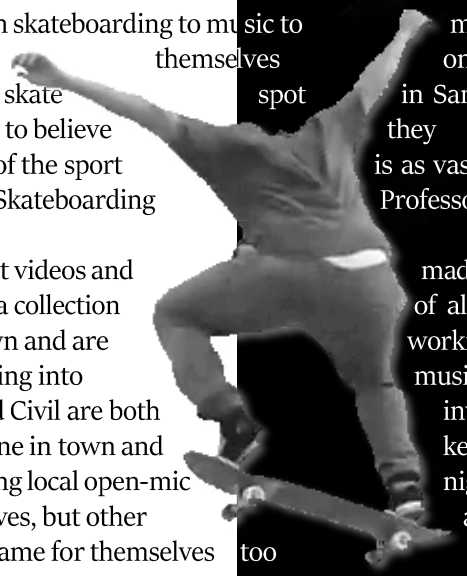
The show was a great time, and there's without a doubt I'll be at the next. Here's hoping you're there too.

**About a Girl*, I looked it up.

Story by Brandon Blake – Photographs provided by The Mad Scientist Smerg

CleanNnasty

CleanNNasty is a San Antonio founded skateboarding brand. It consists of members, Albert (Prophet), Civil, Kenneth G, AK 40Kevin, B-Hop, Tarzan, Phantom Woof, Cyborg, Kat, Slipperygun, and DJ WTH!? to name a few. The crew dabbles in a wide variety of spaces, from skateboarding to music to merchandising. They pride themselves on knowing just about every skate spot in San Antonio, and I'm inclined to believe they do. Their knowledge of the sport is as vast as that of an Ivy League Skateboarding Professor.



They've shot videos and made boards, they've got a collection of all the best DIY spots in town and are working their way into branching into music as well. Prophet and Civil are both involved in the hip-hop scene in town and keep a list of all the upcoming local open-mic nights, not just for themselves, but other artists trying to make a name for themselves too

The name CleanNnasty is derived from how one might describe a trick, "Oh that's clean.. That's nasty." They had already had the team, and just needed to come up with a name, an overarching brand for all that they do.

The group is clearly a collective of impassioned individuals, with a drive and love of the sport and what they do, stating their primary goal is to keep growing and inspire more people to do the same. The group is going places, and we should all be sure to watch where.

hyarajuku

If Mimi isn't already enjoying the live music and getting lost in the eclectic crowds at places like Graffiti House or Pink Zeppelin, they likely can be found behind a ruby red table, with a stack of Hyarajuku business cards and several displays of one-of-a-kind jewelry pieces.

It all started about a year ago when Mimi first started making jewelry, a hobby they discovered through their friend Venus (@holyvenus444).

"She introduced me to using it as an artform and I thought it was the coolest shit ever and I knew I had to try it", Mimi said.

Typically, jewelry making is a hobby and that's how it was originally supposed to be for them as well. But shortly after they got into it, Mimi knew there was something special about their creations. Drawing inspiration from Harajuku culture, a Japanese street fashion subculture, and the ability to make pieces from scratch is what sets them apart from other small businesses around town.

"I turned this hobby of mine into a business when I realized I was talented and unique enough to have consumers", they said.

Thus came the creation of Hyarajuku, Mimi's jewelry selling business. Mimi continued to describe the origins of Hyarajuku saying, "my intention was to just get my art out there not really to make money so starting a business and getting more involved in the scene and the corner of the internet with other jewelry artists (lol) really paved that path for me".

As mentioned, what makes Hyarajuku so unique is what Mimi is influenced by and their approach to this form of art. The use of "cutesy" and colorful beads and charms is inspired by Harajuku culture, a theme that prioritizes freedom and expression. On the other end of the spectrum, some of Mimi's pieces draw more inspiration from darker themes and this is represented by medieval and gothic crosses and daggers being used as charms. In addition, they often use layers of chains in necklaces and bracelets and even incorporate some asymmetry into their designs to make Hyarajuku truly unique. Mimi is able to achieve such a variety of jewelry by creating themed collections and even taking custom orders from customers. They promote their jewelry through vending at local shows around town, and can be found as @shophyarajuku2 on Instagram, where they share photos of their work and provide additional information on how to purchase and request custom pieces.

Story by Taylor Alton

Byob's

Buddies Gathering at The Pink Zeppelin

By: Rianna Fisher

November 19th

I was in the pit of a depressed slumber when suddenly my phone buzzed me awake. I answer a shifty character telling me there's a show at the Pink Zeppelin. I already missed all the past shows. Now it's time to show up. While I was weighed down in my bed, **Civilloner** (@civilloner) and Prophet took the stage and released the crowd's energy. I finally found the ability to sit upright. At the same time, **suixidekid** (@suixidekid) and **ill JAEDEN** (@ill_jaeden) come alive, exuding a chill presence to which the crowd responds with heightened echoes of energy. By tooth and nail, I journeyed the short distance from my room to my bathroom, met with my meager reflection begging me to bail, to go back to bed. **Arbiter** (@arbiter) is on now. They're good, with a distorted metal sound, getting the crowd twisted.

Finally dressed and ready to venture out into the night, I pick up a friend, and we wander into a cornered pocket of the place: Pink Zeppelin. The glowing neon sign cast a pink glow on us outsiders, skaters skate around, and smoke rises into the cold air. I study this grounded zeppelin ignited by commercial indoor lighting and dancing orbs of green and blue across gray walls. I cautiously tiptoe inside to a bustling Pink Zeppelin, standing at the entryway, visually sweeping the stage and the idle audience. I exchange greetings with old coworkers and settle somewhere to the side of the crowd, awaiting something remarkable. The store lights cut out, leaving the green and blue orbs to sprint across two shadows.

Stevie Robinson (@thystevie) and **killjames** (@killjames__) rapped over backing tracks that contained deep and rounded beats that fed me a sweet dose of fresh hip-hop nostalgia. Stevie Robinson and killjames have different flows that complement each other rather well. "True Flesh" was suavely intriguing. The conversation between the bass and percussion had me hooked. Killjames has a rolling flow that cannot be ignored. Just when you get familiar, he switches the flow up on you, bringing out quick-witted rhymes and a rapid-fire delivery like in "Leanin' Out the Window."

9pinpunk <3s BYOB

Could Be Worse (@couldbeworse210) was unruly in the best way. I was captivated by the energy of the guitar player (stage right), echoing the screams I bury every day and dig up every night. Terrifyingly full of rage. Between songs, they called out, "fuck school!" which resonated quickly throughout the audience. They played out academic disturbance through fast, ferocious plucks and strums backed by quickly battered drums. A small pit was formed to harness the energy of the sound. Bodies slamming, smashing, writhing, flailing with frenzy. Other audience members like myself stood still like walls to the pit but transfixed, nonetheless. If you would like to time travel to the night where it could've been worse, check out "could be worse @ pink zeppelin (full set)" on YouTube.

Given a Chance (@givenachanceband) has a sound, vocally more than anything, reminiscent of Green Day and punk rock sounds from a two-thousands past. Although a chunk of the crowd fled off into the night before giving this band a chance, those of us who remained watched in stillness to show respect for their evident prowess. The frontman was funnily interactive with the crowd, and a youngin' was up on stage –shout out to the kid. Maybe he'll be in his own band one day. Take a chance on Given a Chance and stream their music on Spotify.

After Given a Chance finished, I felt fatigued and intoxicated by the faint siren song coming from my bedroom 10 miles away. I strayed out of Pink Zeppelin. While I drove home, **Oeste** (@oestetheband) closed the night with laidback vibrations.

Ciera Martinez writes:

It was such an amazing experience, it's a type of feeling you never want to let go of. Just walking into the venue was a vibe. It was amazing seeing everyone socialize and to witness the bands excited to share their art with everyone. Just seeing a community with the same interest come together to support each other, while also seeing the Artists, vendors, and organizers on such a hit night.

Photographs provided by BYOB

The Manson Family Blues

When I called up The Manson Family Blues for an interview, Will and Josh were sitting together spinning Jefferson Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow.* After talking to this psychedelic duo for just a few minutes, I could tell that they truly deserved an article and a place in the San Antonio music scene– especially after all the shit they've been through.

The Manson Family Blues are Josh (singer, guitar, bass) and Will (drums), who met each other at a carnival in 2016. Will complemented Josh's battle vest, and they've been musically perfect for each other ever since.

In 2018 the duo buckled down and got more serious, titling their band Strawberry Call, although this name didn't last too long. Apparently there were like three other Strawberry Call's, and the Canadian Strawberry Call was very pissed that Josh and Will were taking their name, so finally in 2020 the duo released an EP under the name The Manson Family Blues, or maybe it was The Charles Manson Blues or simply the Manson Blues– who can really remember? This first EP is a collection of demos, and although Josh doesn't think we should listen to them all, he is still quite proud of "Money Pit" (this song's attitude really explains why Josh was just fired from his job) and "Jenny Choked on a Marble."

All that Josh and Will had to say about 2021 was that it was a "frenzy." They had a huge falling out with the bassist of their former band who scammed them out of thousands of dollars, but they simply "cut [their] losses" and continued to make and perform music together.

In the past year, The Manson Family Blues "just kinda got into the San Antonio scene." They used to play gigs in Corpus, since they live about half way between the beach and SA, but besides some gigs at The NASA/Studio B, they were mainly a bar band playing covers. It was "soul sucking" and they are excited for their gigs in the future, like the Ballroom on Mars on New Year's Eve.

I first saw The Manson Family Blues when they opened up for Venus Twins at Hash Vegan Eats about a month ago, and I've been obsessed with their eccentric sound and appearance ever since. The second I heard them playing a cover of *The 13th Floor Elevators*, I turned to my sister in shock. We grooved to their spectacular cover songs that frigid evening, and I could tell that they drew a lot of their inspiration from the psychedelic 60's. Both Josh and Will have been obsessed with bands like The Beatles, Country Joe and The Fish, The Rolling Stones, and Jefferson Airplane, and this is evident in their sound and lyrics. But before listening to anything 60's, they were obsessed with punk rock first, and in their demos Josh's loud and defiant vocals demonstrate the band's punk rock roots. Their garage rock, punk rock, psychedelic drug-induced sound really makes The Manson Family Blues stand out in any music scene.

Another huge inspiration for this band are drugs, and their process for making a lot of their music is "taking drugs to make music to take drugs to." And although The Manson Family Blues didn't invent this philosophy, they do their damned best to live by it. Specifically, the duo cited weed and LSD as some of their main sources of inspiration, and Josh explained that "with certain substances it's easier to get to the essence of it all." Will butted in, saying that "Weed is an inspiration too! It slows it all down…" and helps the duo create "some pretty far-out stuff."

Despite their bad luck, which they've titled "The Manson Curse," Josh and Will "rely on the kindness of others" in order to keep performing and recording. They've got a bunch of new songs in the works right now and are determined to have an album out sometime next year. Their biggest goal currently is to get some more band members in order to expand their unique sound, but in the end, no matter what happens, The Manson Family Blues encourage us "Be kind to each other and just keep listening to our music" and I fully endorse this message.

GWEEBFEST

November 26th

PART ONE: The Zaza House

Gweebfest was something else. Really there must have been something in the air that night. I drift into the venue on Mansfield at about 7:30 to see a packed back yard. It was a riot, people poured into every corner of the backyard, the lot of the congregation by the back of the house with a makeshift stage and a gaggle of speakers set up. A little ways back was a tent with all the vendors selling stickers, shirts and painting faces. It was its own little rock and roll carnival.

As I immerse myself in the action, Omni Entia unpacks to play. I dig Omni Entia, I saw them first at one of the shows in the Culebra Ditch, they're a delight. A mind-melting, brain-frying, polarizing sound. They're without a doubt unlike anything else you'd hear that night. I will never not appreciate the unique. The crowd begins to sway and the evening is well underway as they pound out songs "Powerhousing" and "Low Muscle Mass."

Up next comes BC Landrum, written on the set times as just "brad." Brad makes a nice noise, and the crowd seems to agree. A soothing-grooving sort of metal if there is such a thing. Followed by Araydia, who causes a heavy ruckus. The audience digs this one, the pit opening like the jaws of an anaconda and spreading like a plague, with people thrown left and right. Right in the center of it all was a big slab of stone sticking out of the ground which took its turn tripping over every person in the pit respectively, I was just sure someone was going to bite it on that rock.

The action lulls for a moment and I take it upon myself to mingle. I saw a guy I knew from high school, a girl I knew from work and a really tall guy named Marcus who said he liked my makeup, thanks Marcus. When I tell you it was packed I mean it was *packed*, everyone I'd ever known and will ever know had to have been there.

It was after this that Phonefoot climbed up to play their set. The crowd leaned forward with anticipation but... just before the first strum of the guitar, the host jumped to stop. The cops were there, (aren't they always) the show was off. A great collective sigh fell over the audience... for a good 30 seconds, when someone chimed in with "Graffiti House." And someone else must have said it louder, and someone must have said it again, because the host hops back on the microphone and, to great fanfare, informs us it's back on, to Blessing Street with us all.

Story by Brandon Blake – Photographs provided by The Mad Scientist Smerg

PART TWO: The Graffiti House

So the people and the vendors and the artists yet again rush to their cars. I thank the police for their brave service, and hightail it up Culebra. Already people are congregating outside, congregating outside because the owner wasn't there yet. It was nay we knew that the owner wouldn't be home for another hour. The crowd widens and I meet a few pleasant people. Friends from other shows, some guy with a portable charger who charges my phone and his friend who likes Weezer a little too much, a girl with a D.I backpack, a guy rolling joint in the driveway and the four girls who shared the driveway joint. I wrote down the name Nick G. I'm not sure what we talked about but I wrote his name down, if you're reading this Nick G... hey!

It's 10:30 now, when someone runs up the road and shouts, "they're here!" And the crowd cheers, and like a marching band, the owner and the merry band of bands shuffle to the front doors, at least 100 other people in tow. The crowd squeezed itself into the living room and finally, Phonefoot wires in to play. It is CRAMPED now, shoulder to shoulder in there, imagine squeezing a whole backyard into a living room. And as they belt their first tune, the crowd goes from a sway, to a jump, to a heave and then to a thrash. Like a ship in a gale we're thrown side to side, across the room, that pit was unlike few I've seen before.

And the same holds true as herlovebeheadsdaisies buzzes in, a melodic metal. It's a head banging shoulder jabbing man slinging catastrophe in that greenlit living room. Hell, I think I saw a guy get his head knocked off by the ceiling fan. And it was nearing 12:30 by now, and I really had to go, but something about them kept me hung on for just... one more song.

Eventually that one more song came and went and I made a dash home. After herlove, Cassidy played, what I'm told was, an energizing set. They sustained the crowds energy all the way to a surprise performance by Closed Casket, playing in place of Makaria, who couldn't make it out that night. Closed Casket never got to finish their set however, as they were upstaged by the second appearance of everyone's favorite police department. Yellow lights, and no sirens.

And so between 2 set changes, the worlds tightest pit, a fire breathing display, and a sea of rock and roll, Gweebfest really was something else.

GWEEBFEST

SEASON Of the Witch

Story by Lauren Hernandez

Photographs by Jack Swan & Taylor Alton

I'm writing this recap with little recollection of what actually happened at the Season of the Witch on November 20th. I remember that I arrived early, maybe 4:30pm, with a cup of Bill Miller's soup in my hands. I was shaking badly, probably because of the frigid breeze, my sickening anxiety, and the neighbor's dog that just wouldn't shut the fuck up. I helped Kendall set up her Snail Society stand right next to Mimi's table (@shophyarjuku) that was beautifully organized, showing off all of the new handmade bracelets and necklaces she was selling that night. Right next to Mimi, another vendor sold clothes, and hidden in the dark a girl who introduced herself to me as Jocelyn was reading tarot cards throughout the long night. Across from these vendors, Rene (@renzluvly) set up her table filled with original art prints and stickers.

I decided to keep my soup by Kendall's table while I peered inside the Graffiti House to see when the show would start. I saw KC Jones sitting on a chair behind the microphone stand scribbling poems, and quite a few people were already perched on the counters and sitting on the dusty floors of the house. I waited here until KC stood up and introduced the Season of the Witch– an art exposition featuring a wild assortment of poets, bands, and vendors that would be performing late into the night. KC began the show with his kaleidoscopic poetry, and he was followed by Lauren Elyse (that would be me, and I rather not talk about it). After I spoke my words I sat on the floor, shaking, while Desperate Cherry performed their melodic, melancholy poems.

After the poetry was over, peaceful vibes remained but morphed into a much louder energy. Leech went on first, performing a set of impressive cover songs that I listened to while sitting on a couch outside, finally eating my soup, and dodging cigarettes that some kid was throwing off the roof. A band called Luz performed next, and the crowd seemed to adore the lead singers transcending vocals. After this I'm pretty sure that Beach Vein performed, and then Lunacy, who finally got the crowd jumping and pushing just a bit. By the time Lease Agreement stepped up to the stage, the Graffiti House was thoroughly packed with an excited energy all around, and this was mainly felt through the shaking floorboards underneath my feet, the bubbles falling above my head, and two guys with boxes on their heads pushing into me.

And sadly by this time it was already 10:30pm, and the clouds outside started to rain, so we were forced to pack up Snail Society for the night. My sister, me, and two friends headed home early, but the music seemed to be never ending.

ROCK & ROLL HISTORY

With: Old Man, Rob Graves; b. 1970

Randy's Rodeo San Antonio January 8, 1978

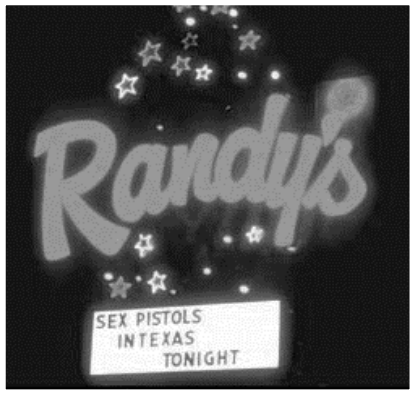
San Antonio was the site of one of the most infamous punk rock shows in history when in January, 1978, legendary British punks, The Sex Pistols arrived to wreak havoc on the Alamo City.

Fresh off the release of their first and only album, The Sex Pistols embarked on a tour of the US. But instead of playing large northern cities where they may have been more welcomed, Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren thought it clever to bring the band on a tour through the Bible Belt hoping to promote confrontation with the good ole boys of the Deep South. The third stop on the tour was a cowboy dive bar named Randy's Rodeo on Bandera Road in San Antonio. Many who purchased the $3.50 ticket came deliberately to harass the band. One particular patron was a college-age student named Brian Faltin. Mr. Faltin was quoted as saying he was there to get into a fight with singer Johnny Rotten. Instead he began challenging bassist Sid Vicious with taunts and insults. In now legendary footage, Vicious can be seen swinging his 10-plus pound Fender P-Bass at Foltin in the first row of the crowd just as the band finished playing "New York" from their album Nevermind the Bullocks, Here's the Sex Pistols. Faltin, not Vicious, was detained by police but was released shortly after and interviewed by local media where he expressed his disdain for the band and all they stood for.

The rest of the show devolved into a beer can and food throwing debacle with Rotten being hit in the head with a pie.

Five shows later it was all over for the Sex Pistols as they would break up following their San Francisco show with Rotten lamenting "Ever get the feeling you've been cheated?"

Depicted: The Sex Pistols cause a stir at Randy's Rodeo



Depicted: Randy's Marquee, January 8th

Depicted: Johnny Rotten

★ Renzluvly ★

When I walked into the backyard of a local house show, I turned to a friend and the first thing I said was, “Not to be a feminist, but I don’t see a single girl here.” I recounted this story to Renee Garcia (@renzluvly) at Jim’s diner during our interview about a week ago and she genuinely understood the issue of feminism in the scene.

Renee described their work as “feminist art.” Renee is an artist and poet who creates dark, angular, expressionist scenes and characters that you can buy as prints or stickers. She explained that although many people might not view her artwork as feminist, it is largely inspired by her unique experiences in the world as a woman, whether people interpret it that way or not. Renee also draws a lot of inspiration from other artists, such as Tim Burton, Marina Abramovic, @beelzebloog, and her father. It’s easy to see these artists’ influences in Renee’s artworks which often incorporate her poetry in order to transmit emotions of grief, pain, and healing.

Her father has been in the San Antonio music scene since he was Renee’s age, granting her the unique opportunity of comparing her experience in the scene to his. Renee explained that things haven’t changed very much at all, but being a woman in the modern scene compared to a man in the past does provide a striking contrast. Renee has struggled to cope with the fact that safety in the scene is not guaranteed, especially when people attend shows with ill intentions. She has had several friends sexually abused, and coping with this reality is a topic of several of her poems and art pieces. Because of this devastating reality, Renee has tried her best to find comfort within the scene, surrounding herself with other feminists who encourage peace and love in order to promote safety and equality in the community. Renee adores all of the interesting people with similar interests and all of the opportunities to share her art with others. In the past year, they have vended at several small markets and DIY concerts around San Antonio, and despite many of these crowds being male dominated, Renee was still able to find people who understood their art. Although it’s “beautiful yet awful at the same time,” Renee has been able to find a home in the San Antonio DIY scene.

In the future, Renee hopes to continue to collaborate with other local artists, and to sell T-Shirts and posters alongside her prints and stickers. Renzluvly is vending next on December 21st at Hash Vegan Eats and December 31st at the Ballroom on Mars, and not to be a feminist, but I highly recommend that you check out her art– you won’t regret it.

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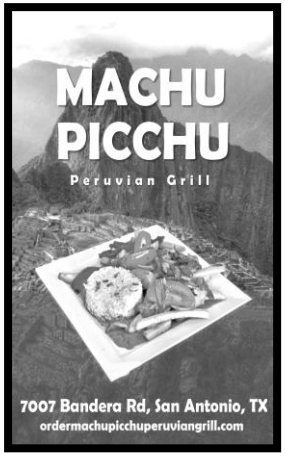

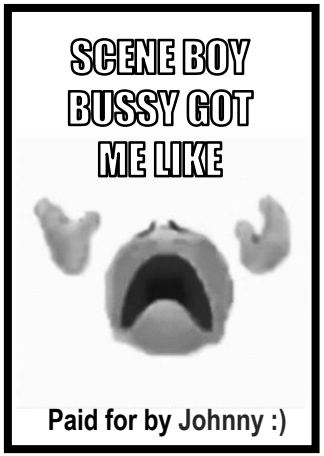

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Lunacy
Herlovebeheadsdaisies
Blooodskid
Treeskillingtrees
Cassidy

DEC. 22
Pink Zeppelin
8373 Culebra Rd Ste # 107

Leech
[[Ghoul]]
Purple Cherry Transmitter
Rover

DEC. 31
Ballroom on Mars
17988 Bandera Rd

Cassidy
Mouthflower
Omni Entia
Herlovebeheadsdaisies
Manson Family Blues
Lease Agreement
Phonefoot

JAN. 7
TBA
BYOB's Battle of the Bands
Could be Worse
Arbiter ; Gult
Purple Cherry Transmitter
Sulfur ; Makaria
Lease Agreement
Foster Petit
Vessel ; Bloom 17
Medusa Complex
treeskillingtrees

JAN. 14
Culebra Creek Ditch
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